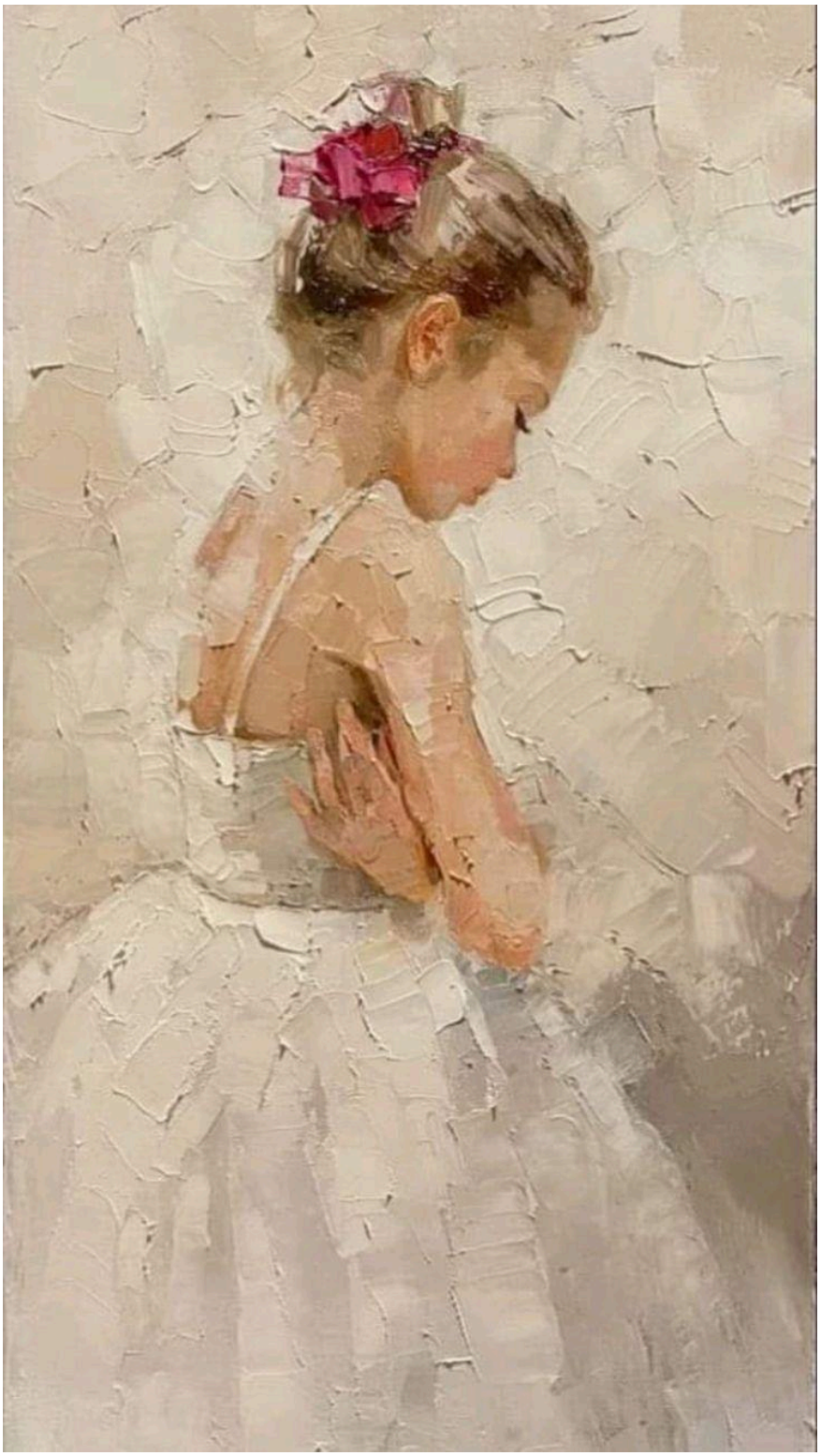

The House Keeper's Chore

Ever since I opened my eyes

They told me to smile,

so I practiced.

They told me love was a prize

So I marched

The ones who sparkled just right,

Yes I became

a polished wonderful doll

painted, posed, and pristine

when did my voice become a prop?

When did my tears become a scene?

When did my soul get cut out the story

So that No man can look in between

I fell and became a character

My heart hardened and my hands weak

A role I was forced to be cast

My steps planned and my actions bleak

I was told to fit a role

To pick a place to be cast.

In The Devil's puppet show

To be someone else's climax

My whole story has been hidden from me

from the one who breathed into dust

But from this cage they kept me weak

Where my body begins to rust

ENOUGH off this costume,

enough of this script

Enough of this stupid play

Rip the script from the director's hands

So that he may not keep you in the day

They handed me scripts soaked in lies,

Scripts I was never meant to perform

I still remain in this cage

Just like the others here to conform

For I was made to live,

To Fly and to be free

But I've looped this act since childhood

Only to hide what was beneath

Hair just right, Walk rehearsed

Voice calculated, Smile placed

Fake love earned like a trophy

That was put together to be chased

You dressed me for a stage,

you took me away

from the real show that was at stake

A love nailed to the cross

For all of us Doll's sake

Now I'm TIRED of Rehearsing

I'm TIRED hiding behind all the paint

The father is not looking for a show

He's looking for His daughter, and he awaits

the One who knit my soul

Who has already chosen me from the womb

no audition needed for the stage

To keep only a empty tomb

This world teaches me to perform.

This world taught me to dance

And every chance at love

I performed only for a glance

So that's it I'm walking off this stage

Goodbye yall, that's all Folks.

You the crowd has made me live in fear

And pretend like it was all Jokes

I'm taking off this makeup of fear.

And I'll let my voice crack.

I'll cover my hair from the crowd.

And weep like the doll lacks

The air of freedom, I'll breathe this time

and be born again once more

Because I was never made to be a doll

Who's meant to keep the house keepers chore